

Enter Prince John, and Westmerland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmerland.
Now Falstaffe, where have you beene all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back.

Falst. I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee
thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the
reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Ar-
row, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion,
the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with
the very extremest yench of possibilitie. I haue fowndred
nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted
as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken
Sir John Collenile of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and
valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and
yeelded: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd
fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

John. It was more of his Courtesie, then your defer-
ring.

Falst. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld
him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with
the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will haue it
in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top
of it (Collenile kissing my foot:) To the which course, if
I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences
to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you
as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele-
ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleue not
the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right,
and let desert mount.

John. Thine's too heauie to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may
doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name Collenile?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebell art thou, Collenile.

Falst. And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falst. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou
like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke
thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

John. Haue you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send Collenile, with his Confederates,

To Yorke, to prevent Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with Collenile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I heare the King, my Father, is fore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,

Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:

And wee with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe
through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court,
stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition,
Shall better speake of you, then you deserue. Exit.

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better
then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young so-
ber-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot
make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinke no
Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come
to any prooue: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole
their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they
fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse: and then,
when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally
Fooles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too,
but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-
fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dries
me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours,
which enuiron it: makes it apprehensie, quicke, forge-
tiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapies; forge-
deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the
Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of
your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood:
which before (cold, and setled) left the Liver white, and
pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowar-
dize: but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course
from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminates
the Face; which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the
rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then
the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster
me all to their Capitaine, the Heart; who great, and puff-
vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this
Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon
is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-work); and
Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till
Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vfe. Hereof
comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood
hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like
leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and
tyll'd, with excellent endeaour of drinking good, and
good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot,
and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle
I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Pot-
tions, and to addict themselves to Sack. Enter Bardolph.

How now Bardolph?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them goe: He through Gloucestershire,
and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I
haue him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my
thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successefull end
To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
Our Nauie is address'd, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,
And every thing lyes leuell to our wish;
Onely wee want a little personall Strength:
And pause vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie
Shall soone enjoy.

King. Hum-

King. Humfrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is
the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with

him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing, but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee loues thee, and thou dost neglect him (Thomas.)

Thou hast a better place in his Affection, than I haue.

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect (my Boy) than I can.

Of Mediation (after I am dead) thou shalt be able to do.

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue, nor

Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace.

For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd: but if hee be

Open (as Day) for melting Charitie, hee's flinty.

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's flinty.

As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well obseru'd: and hee

Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently.

When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:

But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope.

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground) be

Confound themselves with working. Learn this Thomas,

And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends:

A Hoop of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:

That the vnited Vessell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion)

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in:

Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong

As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Tho-

mas?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon-

don.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell

that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continuall fol-

lowers.

King. Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my griefe

Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape

(In formes imaginarie) thy vnguided Dayes,

And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsaillers,

When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together;

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:

The Prince but studies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,

Tis needfull, that the most immodest words

Be look'd vpon.

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